AUM

The glorious sun shines on the evil and the mean man as well as on the good; the earth withholds not her grain and fruits from either high or low, or well-disposed or those whose hearts are black with sin. How shall we, the image of God, hold back our help or sympathy from those who are in need?—*Tibetan Precepts.*

THE PATH.

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THEOSOPHY THE RELIGION OF JESUS.

PART II.

The last part of the 19th century is much like the last part of the century preceding the mission of Jesus. Both are marked by intense earnestness in all that concerns purely material life, by selfish and hostile national policies, by a decay of the highest spiritual principle, and by a transmutation of such spiritual vigor as exists into assertion of religious dogmas and maintenance of ecclesiastical organization. But both are also marked by indications of widespread unrest under the dominant religionism, of a suspicion that a different and more potent motive is needed for human melioration, of a growing distrust by the intellectual for conventional doctrine and of distaste by the devout for conventional morals. In both, moreover, we find a vague belief that some other system is about to appear in the world, some other light to shine in the darkness which shrouds so much of human life and thought and purpose. Is it strange, then, that these many analogies should find their culmination in the fact that in each case the system has

actually appeared, the light has actually shone? If not, it can hardly be strange that the systems should be substantially the same, the light essentially one. Nor yet can it be strange that both should disclaim novelty, affirming again and again that they are but re-assertions of old and long-known truths, pointing out that there is no new way to happiness but that the only one has been obstructed, that resolution, not revelation, is what is needed for men's advance.

Some fifteen years ago rumors passed through the Western hemisphere that a singular religious philosophy was emerging from the East, its immemorial home. In course of time more and more of its particulars reached the West, successive books presented it with more fulness, and a copious literature now renders it everywhere accessible. It was known as *Theosophy*, or *The Wisdom-Religion*. It was a universal or all-embracing Science, for no truth was beyond its ramifications, but as a system of practical religious life it voiced these three very simple doctrines: 1st, that all men have a common Divine origin, and therefore are really a Universal Fraternity; 2nd, that their elevation to the Divine is through a series of earth-lives during which every lower and selfish principle is to be overcome and the spiritual nature attain full sway; 3rd, that the responsibility for action, and consequently for its award, rests on each man individually, inflexible justice determining his destiny and every part of it in accordance with his deeds. Theosophy asserted that these doctrines had been the property of man from his very origin, however at times obscured or forgotten, and that as they were carried out the reign of the Divine expanded. They met with no small welcome from the earnest and the devout, and rapidly spread through the reading world. Theosophy established no Church, but formed a simple Society for conference, mutual help, and the more systematic furtherance of truth. It disavowed all coercive or persuasive proselytism, providing only for the widest proclamation of fact, and leaving acceptance to the enlightened conscience of hearers. It insisted upon no one's abandoning his ancestral or personal faith, but urged a loftier spirituality, a finer motive, a heartier endeavor. For its aim was not the upbuilding of a sect, but the renovation of a principle.

Some 1800 years ago rumors passed through Judea of the sermons and influence of a mighty Prophet. As he traversed the land and discoursed to its multitudes, his teaching unfolded itself more and more as a pungent appeal to the oldest of all truths and of all motives. Waiving secular and social problems as outside his range, he addressed himself directly to the spiritual instinct and forced home upon it the burning stimulus of eloquence and pathos. Reduced to its elements, this teaching was three-fold: 1st, the common Fatherhood of God and hence the common brotherhood of men; 2nd, their restoration to the Divine likeness through the gradual triumph of

the spiritual over the carnal nature; 3rd, the rigorous application to human affairs of the principle that whatsoever a man sows, that also shall he reap. He claimed no novelty in his instruction, asserting that such had always been the Law and the Prophets, but only that it had been overgrown with human invention, and that, to be once more active, it must be purified and cleansed. To such straight-forward, vivid appeal the conscience of many responded, and these the Teacher associated with himself, giving them other teachers and providing for the circulation of truth through the world. Yet he established no ecclesiastical machinery, incited no crusade against existing creeds, and desired no accessions save from such as should "believe". For his aim was not the aggrandizement of a Church, but the effectuation of a life.

If the record of his discourses had been contemporaneously and copiously made, our acquaintance with his doctrine, and particularly as it bore upon his own mission, would be far more exact. But all reports were of much later date, of somewhat uncertain origin, were fragmentary and incomplete, and have been unquestionably tampered with by subsequent transcribers. The attempt to treat the record as exhaustive is expressly reprobated by his own Apostle (St. John XXI, 25), and the further attempt to educe from it a connected scheme of dogmatic theology is wholly to mistake its history, its genius, and its purpose. Yet its features are so distinct that it is not difficult to etch the main doctrines which Jesus held and taught.

First, then, he most explicitly held to the universal Fatherhood of God, a fact referred to over and over again, and pervading the thought of every discourse. Second, as its consequence, to the brotherhood of all men. The Parable of the Good Samaritan was given as a definition of "neighbor" in the injunction "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; *and thy neighbor as thyself*" (St. Luke X, 27); and of this injunction he elsewhere says (St. Math. XXII, 40) that upon it hangs the whole of morals and ethics. But the Universal Brotherhood involves the largest range of charity and kindness. "Love your enemies" (St. Luke VI, 27). "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (St. Math. VII, 12). Third, that verbal homage was worthless, only sincere service being acceptable. "Not every one that saith unto me 'Lord, Lord' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven" (St. Math. VII, 21). Fourth, the precise return to every man of the exact value of his deeds. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again" (St. Math. VII, 2). "Judge not and ye shall not be judged" (St. Luke VI, 37). Fifth, the conditioning of the future existence upon the acts, not the opinions, in this. "If thou wilt enter into life,

keep the commandments" (St. Math. XIX, 17). Parable of the sheep and the goats (St. Math. XXV.) "Ask and it shall be given to you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you" (St. Math. VII, 7). Sixth, the abnegation of self as the essence of spiritual progress. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it" (St. Math. X, 39). "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (St. Luke XIV, 11). Seventh, the absolute relentlessness of law. "Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out thence till thou has paid the uttermost farthing" (St. Math. V, 26). "It is easier for heaven and earth to pass than for one tittle of the law to fail" (St. Luke XVI, 17). Eighth, the fact of reincarnation. "But I say unto you that Elias is come already, and they knew him not but have done unto him whatsoever they listed. * * * * He spake unto them of John the Baptist" (St. Math. XVII, 12 & 13). Ninth, his own life as a model. "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (St. Math. XX, 28). Tenth, the haven of ultimate rest to be as his. "That where I am, there ye may be also" (St. John XIV, 3). Eleventh, that his whole doctrine was the old heritage of man, not at all an inferior and unwelcome invention. "No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith, The old is better" (St. Luke V, 39).

If a Theosophist to-day was to preach to the multitudes as Jesus did, these would be the lines upon which his thought must run. He would, indeed, expound more fully the fact of reincarnation, for that is not now a common belief as in the time of Jesus (St. John IX, 2), but otherwise the fundamental positions, the motives appealed to, the method and process of spiritual development, the doctrine of the certitude of Karmic effects and of destiny as the alone determination of character, would be the same. Without any one of these truths, the others would be disconnected. Human fraternity, apart from the one origin, is a beautiful sentiment. Persistent effort, if any easier mode exists for surmounting the evils of the flesh and reaching the heights of immortality, is a needless toil. The sowing of only good seed, apart from the certainty that whatsoever is sown shall be reaped, is superfluous caution. Indifference to life as compared with principle, but for the fact that other lives remain for experience and justification, might be recklessness. Cultivation of selflessness, if there is no evolutionary process by which the self is to be merged in the all, would be meaningless. Indeed, the whole teaching is so joined and braced together by the relation of its various parts that therein lie its unity and its consistency. Why? Because Jesus was a Theosophist.

Except for the unusual conjunction of words, there is nothing in this that need surprise. He expressly disclaimed originality;—"My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me" (St. John VII, 16); and the very form of

this declaration is the same that was used in all times by the messengers of righteousness coming out among men. He was but voicing the old truths, learned from the one source of all truth, as with the other great Teachers and Reformers of men. Who were his immediate preceptors must be mainly conjectural. Yet there are two probabilities which may give the clue. One is his membership in the reforming sect of the Essenes, a conviction reached by some of the most competent examiners into his habits, expressions, and affiliations. The other arises from the large part of his life unaccounted for From the age of 12, at which time occurred the only recorded incident of his childhood, to that of 30, when his active ministry began, the narrative of the Gospels is void. That preparation for so exceptional a ministry consisted in eighteen years of work as a carpenter is incredible. Far more likely is it that he betook himself either to Egypt or to the group of Initiates understood to have then existed to the East or north-east of Palestine, even as St. Paul retired to Arabia for nearly three years before beginning his functions as Apostle (Gal. I, 17). It is even possible that he may have travelled to the home of the very Magi who had brought presents to his cradle. (St. Math. II, 11). In any one of these three regions he would have had the advantage of communion with and tuition from the highest spiritual authorities, and many of his recorded sayings would thus be explained. Now these authorities were all Theosophists, *i. e.* they held the very doctrines held by Theosophists now. If Jesus, as is probable, was their pupil, his identity of belief was most natural.

But we have looked thus far at little more than the ethical quality of his teachings. Yet behind and below them, their base and source and essence, are those everlasting principles of pervading Law without which religion would be but a sentiment and ethics be destitute of the philosophy needed to make them stable. For the Universe is One, its varied life the manifestation of a single force, and he who would truly expound the nature of any part must know the unity of the law which reigns alike in all, determining the fall of the sparrow no less than the action of conscience in the soul. Modern science is steadily advancing towards that conception of unity, and even now hints that but one substance underlies the matter of its experiments, but one force thrills through the thousand activities in Nature. And this force, as the keen-eyed are perceiving, is no mere physical potency developing in matter, but an outcome from the ultimate home of being, diffusing itself as it penetrates more deeply the material universe, but ever changeless in its nature and ever showing that the root of natural law is spiritual law. And if the solution of all problems in all spheres is to be sought in the one principle which stands behind them, and if therefore a true Religion must be a true Philosophy as well, and if right thought and right aspiration and right living can come only from that per-

ception of Law which senses it as universal, we may expect to find substantial oneness in all religious teachings which have spiritual vigor enough to make them effective and scientific truth enough to make them lasting.

Students far advanced in occult learning, comprehending well that profound Science of God and Nature and Man which for untold ages has been possessed in silence and by few, assert that the words of Jesus evidence his initiation into the Mysteries, his familiarity with the interior working of the one Life and Law. In passages carrying but superficial meaning to the ordinary reader, they see that deep acquaintance with Occult things which transforms them from mere ethical counsels into precepts embodying the philosophy of a universal knowledge. Therein they trace the differentiation into its thousand forms of the *Akasa* or original fount of Life and Light, the law of action and reaction as it sweeps from spiritual to material planes, the mighty fact of the evolution of the Divine principle in man through all its junction with lower elements till it emerges enriched and ready for its permanent restoration, the upward trend of the whole Universe as the spiritual impulse refines it for its future of unimaginable glory. But we, without that deeper insight, that knowledge transmitted from Initiates, can yet see in the story of Jesus something of the method and the doctrine which demonstrate his identity with them, and demonstrate also his hold of great truths which Esoteric Philosophy has always grasped and modern science is now suspecting.

"Except a man be born again," said Jesus, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is far more than a vivid metaphor of religious life. It is not even a mere assertion that there is an inflexible law of spiritual rebirth, the law that the carnal nature must be made to die and all vitality be translated to the Higher Self. It was the central doctrine, the culminating revelation, in the Eleusinian and other Mysteries, the great disclosure to the chosen who had passed the lower Initiation and were then and thus admitted to the *Epoptai.* The use of the phrase showed a knowledge of the great Mystery, a knowledge attainable only by the one path.

But rebirth is only the beginning of evolution. Its end is restoration to unity with Godhood. *Humanity can advance to Divine perfection.* "Be ye therefore perfect," urged Jesus, "even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Every one that is perfect shall be as his master." Modern Christianity, as well as all other religions disclaiming the old Esoteric doctrine, places the limit of human evolution short of Divinity. Jesus struck down that limit and cleared the way to union with the Divine Pleroma, restoring the original belief and placing himself among the Masters who had proclaimed it.

To the Divine vision purity is essential. It is "the pure in heart" who "shall see God". The soul spark must vibrate so high as to throw out all

impurity of substance, and thus vibrate in unison with the highest Light called "Chrestos". Every dissonance from lower passion or desire must fade out, till the upper principles, the Spiritual and Manasic, are in entire accord. Then, and not till then, as Jesus and all Initiates held, would come the beatific vision.

Jesus formed a chosen circle of inner pupils, and revealed to them his more recondite teachings. "When they were alone, he expounded all things to his disciples." "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but unto them that are without all these things are done in parables." All real Masters teach esoterically as well as exoterically, the interior principles, the true disclosure, being only for those tried and fitted to receive it. This was the uniform practice of those who had preceded him, it is conspicuous in the history of even the Philosophers of antiquity, and it is but the law understood in Occult Science from immemorial time. For the secret sense, not the verbal form, of all holy teaching, oral or scriptural, is that spirit which maketh alive, and this only the sympathetic could detect.

In the recorded career of Jesus, nothing, save his flawless character, is so conspicuous as his deeds of healing and power. That he controlled diseases, storms, and unseen spirits is detailed by each Evangelist. This record is susceptible of, and has received, two precisely opposite treatments. The one, the orthodox, regards it as demonstration of his Divine nature, considering it proof that he was incarnate God. The other, the rationalistic, regards it as illustrative of the universal love of the marvellous, manifesting itself along the lines usual in an uncritical age and when superstition was general. Yet is adhesion to either necessitated? Is there no middle ground between a theological inference and an historical denial? Theosophy proffers one at once. It holds that on the upward progress of man towards the Divine, as the Ego frees itself from fleshly bonds and learns the life of supersensuous realms, it acquires vast range of fact and power unknown to ordinary men, and, together with insight into Nature's mysterious forces, gains control of them. Fitted by discipline and character to wield powers. they are given it. Occasionally in history such exalted men may be discerned; recently, in the re-awakening of interest and inquiry, abundant evidence of their present existence and capacities has been disclosed. To a Theosophist, understanding what are the genius and goal of spiritual development, there is nothing strange in the supposition that Jesus, evidently an Initiate, may have been a lofty Adept, relieving at once both the ignorance and the suffering of his hearers. Exceptional Power is not an abnormal accompaniment to exceptional Wisdom. May it not be that the cordial recognition Theosophy gives to both can prove the meeting-ground of the antagonistic schools, and that the Rationalist may concede a fact unprov-

able by conventional methods, and that the Orthodox may waive a dogma sustained only by tradition or by Councils? And if the sacred figure of Jesus, no longer the center for inflamed contention or for sceptical indifference, should become the common reverence of sincere devotion and of intelligent belief, would not the dissolution of creeds and contentions in the presence of one great resolution to imitate his spirit and exemplify his ideal, restore again the fraternity of his early followers and repeat the story of their zeal and their reforms?

The hopefulness of any missionary effort lies in the simplicity of its essential truths and the intensity of its unselfish aim. Theosophy has come to a very wearied humanity in a very hopeless age. The problems of life never seemed more insoluble, and the very question "Is life worth living?" is mooted around. The old styptics to thought are impatiently waived away, and theological balms have no avail. Men shake off dusty, threadbare dogmas, void of human interest or worth. Living issues, vital queries start up in every quarter. "What are we here for?" "What to do?" —these are the cries which pursue the thinker as he passes through the throng. Nothing that is flimsy or inconsequent, nothing merely hoary or traditional, will be accepted. Theory of the universe and of the world and of man must have some adequacy and some life. Theosophy meets these demands in full. Its exhaustless science gives limitless scope to the insatiate student, its disclosure of an infinite ascent thrills the spirit of the mystic, and the philanthropist finds in its doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation the implement for his work of social melioration. When the devout soul cries for some exemplar of faith and life, it points him to the great Teachers of humanity, Teachers fitted for their function through many aeons of determined progress, and shows how all have passed through one common experience, drawn from one common source of illumination, and expound one common truth to the world. And so whether that Teacher be named Jesus or Buddha, Confucius or Zoroaster, there pour through him the Divine light and the fraternal warmth which are the impulse to a reformed humanity, and wherever his true pupils disperse the message he enjoined, there spring up the same blessings which he himself conferred through Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion. ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

Just as when a house is on fire only the goods that are thrown out are afterwards of use to the owner, so only the goods that you give away in charity will be of permanent use to you.—*Buddhist Scripture.*

The Lion in the Path.

At a certain era of theosophical study and practice, we reach a point of pause, of silence. The mind appears saturated with the new and wonderful teaching; insensible to fresh impressions, it can take in no more. The heart that once bounded so elately in all the vigor of renewed life and stimulus has resumed its normal beat under the pressure of daily trial, to be met, as it was not heretofore met, with self forgetfulness and altruistic endeavor. Slowly we seem to fall into a deadness, a lethargy of all the nature. We act, we plan, we fill the groove of circumstance, but we do it as though we walked in sleep. A blank wall rises before us seeming to bar further progress, and a pall falls over the inner life.

When this point of pause is reached, students say in their hearts that their progress is stopped, that they can advance no more. They have met a lion in the path, and fall back before its grim aspect. What causes this stop, this silence? First; we have learned more, intellectually, than we can use up in practical daily life. Head and heart have not kept pace. We know, in large part, what we should be in all relations of life, and why we should be it, but we have not attained the power of acting always and at once upon the lines of altruistic endeavor. And by a law of nature the brain cannot assimilate and digest the mass of knowledge received until it has been used up, to some extent at least, in the experience, any more than the stomach can receive and digest fresh food before the assimilative processes have been undergone with respect to food previously taken in. All the teachings we receive on the line of natural law (or spiritual law; the terms are one) are based upon the fact that motive determines energy and the value of energy, in a way touched upon by an adept in *The Occult World*. There is "good and evil in every point of the universe", and the motive for which force is evolved, and in which it is used, must then qualify it. "Kundalini" may make or may kill. Apply the same rule to concentration. The *passive* fixation of the empty mind produces a passive magnetic condition of the physical body, well indicated by the sign —, and facilitates the entrance of adverse lower astral influences and entities; these are helped also by the quickened activity of the inner body under the said concentration. The *positive* fixation of the mind upon some worthy object, such as a high Ideal, the Higher Self, the image of an Elder Brother if one is known, renders the outer body positive, or magnetically +, and reduces the activity of the inner body by casting it into the mould of the mind occupied with this image. The doors are barred to all lower influences; a vibration far above their own effectually excludes them. In the one case we have lowered our spiritual vitality; in the other, we have raised it. To

the aphorism, "A medium is an open door", might be added this,—"The positive idealist is a closed temple." "The image of the Master is the best protection against lower influences; think of the Master as a living man within you", says an M. S. S. This refers to the mental image of that master, who may be either an adept or the Higher Self. Patanjali says that the mind flows out and moulds itself upon the object seen; mind makes form.

In these brief hints may be found some explanation of our clogged mental processes. Those who participate so actively in theosophical work as to have little, if any, time for study, do, to my personal knowledge, make greater progress than other more learned F. T. S. Unconsciously (sub-consciously is a better term) they draw upon the Source for whose greater diffusion they work; they empty themselves and are filled, through the unfailing regularity of natural processes. Their motive predetermines the quality of the fresh energic supply received. I do not pretend to constitute myself a judge of progress, but that must be advance which sweetens, regulates, and clarifies the nature; absence of these and presence of harshness and disturbance must imply some degree of retardation.

Even such workers do not escape the point of pause. The Lion confronts them; upon his forehead is branded the grim name of Doubt. Despair is the lair to which he conveys his victim.

In using the word Doubt, I do not restrict it to its conventional meaning, but apply it to all phases of mind that are in opposition to a wholesome and calm confidence in the reign of Law, to a full assurance that all is as well, with us and with the world, as it can possibly be at this moment. The evolutionary wheels never stop; we all progress as particles of air are said to do, through advance and recoil; and as sound is propagated along their line by just that motion, so the life wave, with its currents of progress, runs through individuals and through worlds in the same rise and fall. Progress is *always* being made at some point of our greater and of our individual being, so long as we try at all, so long as we do not deliberately retard the methods of nature.

Why, then, should we yield to this despondency? If I have anything to say upon the subject at all, it is because I have passed along that road; I have reached the point of pause and confronted the Lion. At first there seems no escape. We can only close the mind, throw ourselves into a vortex of practical altruistic work, and hold on, with stern determination, to the ideal now behind the clouds. We cannot lift our hearts to it; we are too dead-tired for that; but we can insist that it still shines behind the darkness and will reappear. Habit is the parent of Doubt. We have some special failing, some specific trial, some rock closing our path. That is what we think, laboring desperately to remove it, squandering all our

strength upon the one obstacle. We mistake. No one thing has power to bar advance in all our being, on all its many planes. There are other causes, operative as obstacles, of which we are unconscious. Let us, then, accept ourselves just as we are, and work on, trusting to work for others and to the influx of light which that brings for better comprehension of the lower self. To use up all our thoughts and most of our strength upon some personal failing is a fatal mistake. We do not kill our faults. We outgrow them. This growth can only be had by a study of spiritual law through the inner nature of things, and by its application to all the issues of life, above all, to the tendencies of the lower self. A clearer idea of philosophy and more theosophical work are what we most need.

It is not to be supposed that our faults are to be wholly ignored. But they are to be viewed without emotion, calmly, as an excrescence upon a tree, a blight in the midst of nature. No student should ever forget to look at things in that aspect which they wear on the plane of force. Anxiety, there, is an explosive ; fear contracts, hope expands. The affection which trembles for its object, however legitimately to the outward sense, acts there as a disintegrating force. The thinker may increase the list for himself. Consequently, the agonizing repentance of the sinner is a deterrent if it continues longer than is necessary to the first stirring up of the inner nature. What we should do is more scientific. We should practice the substitution of mental images. Make deliberately in the mind an image opposed to the habit, or the desire, or the too influential person, whenever the idea which you desire to expel shall arise. You do not even need to *feel* this new form at first ; just bring it up and consider it ; hold it as long as you can. You will come to feel it. You will react to it.

In the very hour of defeat is the germ of victory. All things go on to a climax ; then reaction sets in. We are generally exhausted when this natural impulse arises ; we fail to grasp it, to encourage and increase it. We can bring it about more speedily by increasing the momentum of any given feeling or course, so that the climax shall be more speedily reached, but such is not often the action of the wise. They await the proper hour. A caterpillar's nest caused ravages in my garden. The wind was high, the vermin active and spread abroad. I could do nothing then. I cultivated other parts of my garden. When night came, and the wind fell, and the vermin collected in the nest, I burned it. He who waits quietly, patiently, studiously, working for others where he can and substituting higher mental images for low ones in every idle hour, consciously making these etheric forms and clothing them with ever increasing energy ; he who calmly waits the crisis and then vigorously, promptly takes the reactionary current,—he will know what is meant when the Voice of the Silence enjoins us :

"Chase all your foes away * * even when you have failed."

Create your own reactions. It is done by thought. "If thou wouldst not be slain by them, then must thou harmless make thy own creations, the children of thy thoughts, unseen, impalpable, that swarm around humankind, the progeny and heirs to man and his terrestial spoils." You have stamped those thoughts upon energic centres in the astral light until they have become your habits; they inform, propel, and nourish the Lion in the path. Efface the old impressions; bathe the sensitized centres in the biting acid of Will; create new thoughts daily, automatically if you cannot do it with love at first; love will follow; all things follow Will. Ruskin says: "Do justice to your brother—you can do that whether you love him or not—and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him—because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him." Justice primarily demands that we cease to poison the *milieu* in which men live, which souls exhale and respire, with our personal fears, desires, and all the haunting shapes of self. Man legislates against poisoning of the air, but nature prohibits the infection of the soul atmosphere, the ether. "Doubt is Self," she cries. "Thou art the Lion in thy brother's path; destroy it, and it will not bar thine own."

JASPER NIEMAND.

THE SENTIENT DAGGER.[1]

In the boudoir of a charming woman of the world, this tale was told to me. If you do not believe it, I shan't blame you. Even now, I can hardly believe it myself.

The boudoir was a strange one for a woman. With Nina Grandville the unusual was always to be found. She was like, and unlike, other women. On the surface, *grande dame de par le monde*. Beneath that polished surface, which afforded no hold to the cynic claws of her own sex, who shall say what swift dilation of the nostril, what smouldering fire of the eye, what scorn in her walk amid the crass, material crowd might not confound the observer? Distinguished by a quiet elegance, the surface woman was accepted by all save the philosopher and the fool. I have always been a little of both. As I looked at the tiger skins, the panoplies of weapons, the savagely grotesque bronzes of her boudoir, refusing to blend with crown Derby and plush *poufs à la mode*, I wondered, for the thousandth time, more or less, over that hidden nature to which this admixture must be the key. The late Grandville, remarkable only for *fadeur* and a keen taste in sauces, was never responsible for it, I was sure.

Waiting there for the lady, my eye wandered down a sunbeam, its quivering point touching an object hitherto unnoticed by me. It was a small dagger, sheathed in bronze, with a figure of Mephistopheles holding up a

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wine cup while he mocked and sang, upon the handle. The impish deviltry of the little figure attracted me. It hung upon a velvet disk just above Madame's lounge, and when I unsheathed the blade it was a slim, oval-shaped bar of steel, sharp on both edges, with a wasp's sting point. A lovely bit of steel with only one defect where a dark stain marred the blue polish of the blade. Mrs. Grandville appearing at the moment, I held the dagger out to her, remarking: "What a pity to let such a weapon rust. Do let me have it cleaned."

She stood in the doorway, grasping the curtain, her lithe undulation arrested by my words. She turned from red to white—a fiery, luminous whiteness—and from that to ashy grey. Her throat quivered, but no words came. Her nostrils dilated, she went white again, her grand figure expanded, towered; by some subtle alchemy of nature the woman seemed to turn tigress before my eyes; in a bound she was at my side, clasping my wrist, and our eyes burned, each into the other's. As a spectator of some great natural upheaval, it did not occur to me to say anything. I held my breath and the dagger while we sounded one another a long moment. In her gaze I saw only a fierce question. What she saw in mine must have satisfied her, for she relinquished my wrist and seated herself with a shrug and a laugh.

"Certainly, Lord Hatfield; take it to every gunsmith when you return to town and ask him to remove the stain. You will find that most of them know it. If they succeed I will pay them any price they may ask. And to you I will give one of the rarest things on earth, a woman's loyal and profound friendship."

While she spoke I had been looking at the stain on the blade. It somehow affected my brain with a kind of heat and tumult. I attributed this effect to the blade because of some emanation proceeding from it, like a hot and jarring mist, which blurred the mockery of Mephistopheles. Altogether, I was wrought up beyond my usual mood. So I looked full at her, saying:

"Suppose I wanted even more than that? Suppose I wanted what is less rare, but closer, more human,—a woman's love?"

I don't think I had known that I loved her until then, but I took a quick advantage and threw all my newly-found heart into my voice. Her eyes shone, then contracted; one saw she was happy, then sad.

"In that case I—I should tell you the tale of the dagger," she replied.

"Tell it to me, then."

"It is not easy, Hatfield."

"Say it is impossible, but tell it. Strong tasks are set to the strong. You are very strong."

A pink flush suffused her pallor at my praise. I have seen rosy sunrise clouds flit over the Jura snow peaks so. But in her eyes was a piteous dread.

"Tell me," I entreated again.

"That you may laugh?"

"That I may learn."

"Learn? What?"

"What a woman's soul is, when it is real."

She studied me briefly; then she plunged into this tale:

"I will tell you. When I have done, you shall pronounce the verdict, 'Guilty,' or 'Not guilty.' A horrid weight will be lifted from me. My mind will not revolve about it any more, like a trapped rat in a wheel. To know how a sane mind judges my moral status,——this is the relief you offer me. It is a real and terrible thing I am about to tell you, but the majority of persons would call it a phantasm of the mind. Only the very sane can admit the reality of subjective phenomena. Few know that the unseen is more real than the seen. That stain is on the dagger, plain to every sight, but the ethical cause of it would be denied by most men and women.

"Before my marriage with Mr. Grandville, I lived with my mother in Italy. You know she was a Florentine. I had artistic talent and studied under Luigi Fiamamente, an artist of reputation. I became engaged to him. My cousin, Lavoisini, studied with me, and in view of these circumstances my mother's chaperonage often relaxed. What happy days those were! We were young, full of life and health, aspiring to high ideals, pure as day-break. Ours was the blissful confidence of innocence, ignorance. It was disturbed. It was disturbed indeed.

"One day, as I painted, I heard a footstep coming up the long flight of stairs leading to the studio. Leisurely, emphatic, elastic, confident, it came on and on. Louder, more aggressive, self-assertive by the time it reached the studio door, I felt that an enemy stood there. The man who entered completed my instinctive dislike. In his auburn hair, his ruddy cheeks, his massive but supple form, scarlet lips and hawk-like, contemptuous eyes, the lust of life was exemplified. He came to buy a picture. He remained to insinuate the poison of materiality into our hearts. Into mine, hatred. Into Luigi's, fascination. He said that the artist refreshed him like spring water. At the bottom of the clearest human nature you may stir up mud if you will. The spring became polluted. Luigi became unnerved, listless, hollow of eye and cheek in a few days. He sought me less; when he did, he treated me with apologetic kindness. Marshall—so the stranger was called—appeared interested in me also. I repulsed him without disguise. He said that, since I would not receive him, he must content himself 'with our Luigi.' The words were a veiled threat. He soon held my poor boy as in a vise. Steeped in material pleasures, he winced under Marshall's contempt of all finer feeling; his ideals were rendered ridiculous, his virtues contemp-

tible, but he submitted to the influence. I was not able to remonstrate. I was so young, you see; I could hardly define what had happened. But I hated Marshall. The hatred grew. It reached a climax one day when I found Luigi prostrate on the studio floor, his body convulsed with sobs. I begged him to tell me what had happened. He only muttered that it was too late. I told him it was never too late for truth and love. He replied that he had neither; he did not even desire them. His face, aged and lined, his wasted frame, his dimmed eyes, all confirmed his words. 'Hateful as is the gulf where I have fallen,' he said, 'I do not wish to leave it. Outside of the sensations it affords, I am a dead man. Even while I lament, an interior voice mocks me and assures me that my thirst for the lowest forms of pleasure is unslaked, that I shall soon enjoy them again, and with *him*, even as he enjoys partly through me. This promise delights me. Go, Nina; go.'

Terrible words for a young girl to hear! I left him, loving him more than ever. I shut myself in my room, planning his release, nursing my detestation of Marshall. I did not perceive that he had thus infected my mind also. While I thought out various plans, all at once I seemed to see Marshall lying upon the studio lounge, where he took his noon siesta, after an opium cigarette. Above the lounge this dagger always hung. And then I seemed to see it planted in his heart. This picture delighted my fancy. A spark lit and flamed in my brain, while I mentally contemplated it. Then I laughed aloud. A new thought had struck me. There was a private passage way connecting our house and the studio. At noon, every one was asleep. And —why not? *Why not?* Something seemed to harden, inside of me. I rose like one refreshed. I was young and strong. I loved Luigi. I would free him.

"Well; the day and the night passed somehow. Through the long hours I revelled in a mental picture of a dagger stained with blood. Life, for me, seemed to end with Mephistopheles sneering above a dead man's heart. Noontide found me in the studio; Marshall lay there, asleep. I felt as cool and as hard as a rock. I leaned over him, took the dagger from the wall, unsheathed it, planting myself firmly upon my feet. The sleeper turned towards me, smiling in his lethargy. I smiled back. I raised my arm, looked at the weapon to guide my aim. Heaven! What was that I saw upon the blade? What was the deadly stain? Whence came those drops of blood? The blade had a voice. It yelled MURDER at me. The air resounded with crisp tongues that took up the cry. I shrank. I cowered. I fled.

"Back in my room again, alone with the dagger, I tried frantically to remove the stain. I could not. The silent witness of my moral guilt remained. Marshall walked the streets, but I was a murderess. The thought was the deed; it lived, even though the final blow was wanting. I saw this,

but I would not believe it. I stole to the studio and hung the unclean thing upon the wall again, quaking with fear lest some one should unsheath it and expose that eloquent stain."

She sobbed a moment, hysterically, from exhaustion.

"I will not keep you much longer. While I lingered, my cousin came in. I burst into tears at sight of him. He led me before Luigi's best work; it was cut to pieces with a palette knife. 'It is Marshall who obsesses him,' he said; 'Can nothing be done?' I shook my head and gazed at the dagger on the wall; hate was in my heart, together with the rage of impotence. His eyes followed mine; they dilated, then remained fixed. After awhile I left him, still staring at the dagger.

Next day the city rang with news of Marshall's murder. Later, my cousin was arrested with the dagger in his possession. He seemed benumbed, dazed, and did not defend himself. At the trial he admitted his guilt and said that the dagger had a blood stain upon it and a voice came from it, urging him to kill. Some thought him crazed. Others believed that he affected mental disorder to escape extreme punishment. He did escape that, having always been a gentle, peace-loving soul. They sent him to the galleys for life. Before going, he gave me the fatal dagger. 'You know its power,' he said: 'keep it safe from human eyes.' In a short time, he too was dead. My heart seemed dead also. My love for Luigi was gone. The shocks had sobered him. Perhaps we might have raised one another, but we were both too tired to feel. Mamma brought me to England. The rest you know. And now, who murdered Marshall?" She rose to receive my sentence. "What do you say? Guilty or not guilty?"

I said nothing. With the force of that extraordinary tale upon me I stammered some consolatory commonplace and said I must have time to think. I got away to my rooms in town; the dagger was still in my hand and my brain felt light as a feather. I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Late next morning I awoke, right as a trivet, clear as a crystal, and all the cobwebs swept from my brain and my practical commonsense restored. My thoughts ran somewhat thus.

"Guilty? Poor girl! How should she be? The melodrama of her mother's blood is in her. Social strain has made her morbid. I'll tell her so. I'll tell her I love her, by Jove, and we'll go on a wedding tour to Norway. No air braces one up like that." With such thoughts I tubbed, dressed, took breakfast, and drove to my gunsmith's. I wanted to take her the dagger, clear and clean. The man said he could do it, then he was puzzled. Finally he said it couldn't be done, so I had to renounce that little plan. I was soon on my way out to Windsor, but concluded to walk through the park to calm myself, for I was as full of ardor as any lad, dreaming God knows what dreams of love fulfilled. Something rustled

near me. There, beneath the branches of an oak, I saw a stately stag of ten, gazing at me. The next instant he turned to run. The hunter's thirst for prey must have taken me by the throat. I ran after him, feeling for some weapon; something flew from my hand; he fell; there was a dagger in his palpitant side, and Mephistopheles leered at me, while all the little voices of the wood cried "Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!"

I got home somehow. And I never again saw Nina Grandville. Between us there seemed to be the shadow of a crime. Absurd, if you will, but my soul gave the verdict "Morally Guilty." And I could not argue it down.

Somewhere about the world is a small bronze dagger, with Mephistopheles on the hilt and a stain on the blade. Let no man possess himself of it unless he desires to kill. It has been steeped in thoughts of crime until it has become an entity whose life is hatred, whose impulse is murder.

J. CAMPBELL VERPLANCK.

HIT THE MARK.

"Having taken the bow, the great weapon, let him place on it the arrow, sharpened by devotion. Then, having drawn it with a thought directed to that which is, hit the mark, O friend, —the Indestructible. OM is the bow, the Self is the arrow, Brahman is called its aim. It is to be hit by a man who is not thoughtless; and then as the arrow becomes one with the target, he will become one with Brahman. Know him alone as the Self, and leave off other words. He is the bridge of the Immortal. Mediate on the self as OM. Hail to you that you may cross beyond the sea of darkness." MUNDAKA UPANISHAD.

Archery has always been in vogue, whether in nations civilized or among people of barbarous manners. We find Arjuna, prince of India, the possessor of a wonderful bow called Gandiva, the gift of the gods. None but its owner could string it, and in war it spread terror in the ranks of the enemy. Arjuna was a wonderful archer too. He could use Gandiva as well with his right as with his left hand, and so was once addressed by Krishna in the Bhagavad Gita dialogue as "thou both-handed." The bow figures in the lives of the Greek heroes, and just now the novelist Louis Stevenson is publishing a book in which he sings the praises of a bow, the bow of war possessed by Ulysses; when war was at hand it sang its own peculiar, shrill, clear song, and the arrows shot from it hit the mark.

Archery is a practice that symbolizes concentration. There is the archer, the arrow, the bow, and the target to be hit. To reach the mark it is necessary to concentrate the mind, the eye, and the body upon many points

at once, while at the same time the string must be let go without disturbing the aim. The draw of the string with the arrow must be even and steady on the line of sight, and when grasp, draw, aim, and line are perfected, the arrow must be loosed smoothly at the moment of full draw, so that by the bow's recoil it may be carried straight to the mark. So those who truly seek wisdom are archers trying to hit the mark. This is spiritual archery, and it is to this sort that the verse from the Mundaka Upanishad refers.

In archery among men a firm position must be assumed, and in the pursuit of truth this firm position must be taken up and not relaxed, if the object in view is to be ever attained. The eye must not wander from the target, for, if it does, the arrow will fly wide or fall short of its goal. So if we start out to reach the goal of wisdom, the mind and heart must not be permitted to wander, for the path is narrow and the wanderings of a day may cause us years of effort to find the road again.

The quality of the bow makes a great difference in the results attained by the archer. If it is not a good bow of strong texture and with a good spring to it, the missiles will not fly straight or with sufficient force to do the work required; and so with the man himself who is his own bow, if he has not the sort of nature that enables him to meet all the requirements, his work as a spiritual archer will fall that much short. But even as the bow made of wood or steel is subject to alterations of state, so we are encouraged by the thought that the laws of karma and reincarnation show us that in other lives and new bodies we may do better work. The archer says too that the bow often seems to alter with the weather or other earthly changes, and will on some days do much better work than on others. The same thing is found by the observing theosophist, who comes to know that he too is subject from time to time to changes in his nature which enable him to accomplish more and to be nearer the spiritual condition. But the string of the bow must always be strung tight; and this, in spiritual archery, is the fixed determination to always strive for the goal.

When the arrow is aimed and loosed it must be slightly raised to allow for the trajectory, for if not it will fall short. This corresponds on its plane with one of the necessities of our human constitution, in that we must have a high mental and spiritual aim if we are to hit high. We cannot go quite as high as the aim, but have to thus allow for the trajectory that comes about from the limitations of our nature; the trajectory of the arrow is due to the force of gravity acting on it, and our aspirations have the same curve in consequence of the calls of the senses, hereditary defects, and wrong habits that never permit us to do as much as we would wish to do.

Let us hit the mark, O friend! and that mark is the indestructible, the highest spiritual life we are at any time capable of.

WILLIAM BREHON.

Mme. Blavatsky Appeals to the Law.

To the Editor of the Path:

While I fully agree to the proposition that we should forgive our enemies, yet I do not thereby lose "my appeal unto Caesar", and in that appeal, which is now made to the Law and not to the Emperor, I may keep the command to forgive, while for the protection of the name of a dead friend and the security in the future of Theosophists, I hale into the Courts of the land those who, having no sense of what is right or just, see fit to publish broadcast wicked and unfounded slanders.

For some fifteen years I have calmly stood by and seen my good name assailed by newspaper gossips who delight to dwell upon the personal peculiarities of those who are well-known, and have worked on for the spread of our Theosophical ideas, feeling confident that, though I might be assailed by small minds who try their best to bring me into reproach, the Society which I helped to found would withstand the attacks, and, indeed, grow under them. This latter has been the case. It may be asked by some members why I have never replied to those attacks which were directed against Occultism and phenomena. For two reasons: Occultism will remain forever, no matter how assailed, and Occult phenomena can never be proved in a Court of Law during this century. Besides, I have never given public currency to any of the latter, but have always objected to the giving out of things the profane cannot understand.

But now a great metropolitan daily paper in New York, with no knowledge of the facts in the case, throws broadcast before the public many charges against me, the most of which meet their refutation in my life for over a decade. But as one of them reflects strongly upon my moral character and brings into disrepute the honorable name of a dead man, an old family friend, it is impossible for me to remain silent, and so I have directed my lawyers in New York to bring an action against the "N. Y. Sun" for libel.

This daily paper accuses me of being a member of the *demi-monde* in '58 and '68, and of having improper relations with Prince Emile Wittgenstein, by whom the paper says I had an illegitimate son.

The first part of the charge is so ridiculous as to arouse laughter, but the second and third hold others up to reprobation. Prince Wittgenstein, now dead, was an old friend of my family, whom I saw for the last time when I was eighteen years old, and he and his wife remained until his death in close correspondence with me. He was a cousin of the late Empress of Russia, and little thought that upon his grave would be thrown the filth of

a modern New York newspaper. This insult to him and to me I am bound by all the dictates of my duty to repel, and am also obliged to protect the honor of all Theosophists who guide their lives by the teachings of Theosophy; hence my appeal to the Law and to a jury of my fellow Americans. I gave up my allegiance to the Czar of Russia in the hope that America would protect her citizens; may that hope not prove vain! H. P. B.

PERSONALITIES.

It cannot be said that the members of the Theosophical Society are yet free from the trouble which the study of and delight in personalities are always sure to bring about. We should not be the imperfect human beings that we know we are, had we reached such perfection. But surely some effect ought to be produced upon all earnest members in this direction by the philosophy they study, as well as from a sincere attempt to carry out the objects of the organization.

Looking into the rules laid down for the pledged disciples, there is to be met an absolute prohibition against their talking to each other either about what happens to them, or the experiences they are having, or the progress they are making. With them there are two reasons for this, one the tendency to make trouble, and the other that vanity is certain to follow upon one's talking much to others about what he has done or experienced in the theosophical field of investigation, especially if there have been any abnormal phases to it. Long experience has shown that for the beginner vanity is a most insidious foe lurking everywhere, and which is as likely to attack the earnest as those who are neither earnest nor sincere, and its immediate action is to throw a veil over the mental sight, making things appear to be what they are not, tending to make the victim centre more and more in himself, and away from that tolerance for and union with others which it is the aim of theosophical study to bring about.

The civil law has always held that there is a wide distinction between a discussion or criticism of a person's work and of that person himself. It is permitted to say as much as one pleases regarding or against what another has said or written, but the moment the individual is taken up for consideration we have to be careful not to commit libel or be guilty of slander. In the theosophical life this excellent rule should be extended so that there could be no criticism of persons, no matter how much is said about their writings or the ideas they give out; and, in addition, another rule well to observe is to avoid as much as possible the retailing of what may be called gossip about the doings and goings to and fro of other members.

All those who are personally acquainted with H. P. Blavatsky and who have not been blinded by their devotion to personalities know that during all the years she has worked in the Society her constant goal has been to so educate those who were willing to listen that they might be able to think for themselves upon all points and not be led away by the personality of any leader or writer. Many have thought that in the Society her word is law, but no one denies this more than herself, she always insisting that we must accept and believe only that which we have decided is true after a careful study. Here the mistake should not be made of supposing that because one is told to have regard for what she says, therefore he is believing on her authority in place of accepting an idea from its inherent truth. Others again, carried in the opposite direction by their very fear of relying upon any person, have thought it right as a general rule to oppose whatever she says. But this is as great a mistake as the other. Respect for a leader of thought means that, as we have come to have belief in the general soundness of that leader's views, so when any come from that source we naturally give them more consideration than those uttered by persons of small repute and known paucity of knowledge. This readiness to give attention to a leader's views is not belief in any idea because such and such a person has put it forth, but solely a natural protection against waste of time in analyzing worthless notions.

I have known a great many of the theosophists who were prominent in the Society's work in India in its early history, and have been privileged to meet many more in England and be present at several so-called crises in our progress, and have noticed that in almost every case the whole trouble has been never about ideas but always about persons. Persons may foolishly think that either they or others may rule the world or some small section of it, but as fixed as fate is it that never persons but always "ideas rule the world." Persons are transitory, moving over the field of mortal view for a few brief years and then disappearing forever, but ideas persist through all these changes, and rule the different personalities as they flit out from the unknown into the objective sky and plunge soon again into the darkness of the beyond. So long as there remain in our ranks the devotees of the personal, just so long will we have to struggle, but as soon as we flee from all consideration of persons the entire Society will escape into the free upper air where every effort will have its perfect work. A. P. Ril.

Bangkok, June, 1890.

Look with the same eye upon your own work and that of another, and extend your love to all living beings; this is the only path to Nirvana.—*Elu Holy Book.*

DEVACHAN.

A letter to the editor from Holland upon this subject deserves reply, as it must give utterance to the questions of many other students.

The complaint in this letter is that when one goes to Devachan much time is lost away from earth life, where otherwise unselfish work for others might be continued by instantly returning to it after death. The reason given is that Devachan is an illusion, while the so-called illusions of earthly existence are in such a sense real that they are preferable to those of Devachan. In illustration of this, the supposed case is given of a parent in Devachan imagining that the beloved child is also there, when, in fact, the child not yet physically dead remains on earth perhaps in misery or leading a life of vice. This is the root of the objection—the supposed illusionary character of Devachan as compared to earth-life.

Now these feelings are always due to the thirst for life in the form which presently is most known to us,—that is, in a physical body. We cannot argue Devachan away any more than we can the necessity of incarnation upon this earth; the one is as philosophically necessary as is the other. A very easy way out of the difficulty—which arises almost wholly from our feelings—would be to calmly accept the law as it stands, being willing to take whatever may be our fate, whether that be in Devachan or in this earth-life. Our likes and dislikes can have no effect on the course of nature, but they may have an effect on ourselves which will be far from beneficial. For the dwelling upon pleasure or the constant desire to fly from "pain not yet come" will inevitably create Karmic causes which we would wish to avoid.

But perhaps there are some considerations on the subject of Devachan which may be of use. In the first place, I have never believed that the period given by Mr. Sinnett in *Esoteric Buddhism* of fifteen hundred hundred years for the stay in that state was a fixed fact in nature. It might be fifteen minutes as well as fifteen hundred years. But it is quite likely that for the majority of those who so constantly wish for a release and for an enjoyment of heaven, the period would be more than fifteen hundred years. Indeed, the Hindu Scriptures give many special ceremonies for the attainment of heaven, or the regions of Indra, which is Devachan; and those ceremonies or practices are said to cause a stay in Indraloka "for years of infinite number."

The first question, however, must be "What is the cause for passing into Devachan?" Some have said that it is good Karma or good acts that take us and keep us there, but this is a very incomplete reply. Of course, in the sense that it is happiness to go into that state, it may be called good

Karma. But it does not follow that the man whose life is good, passed in constant unselfish work for others without repining, and free from desire to have somewhere his reward, will go to Devachan. Yet his Karma must be good; it must act on him, however, in other lives, for the earth life is the place where such Karma has its operation. But if at the same time that he is thus working for others he wishes for release or for some place or time when and where he may have rest, then, of course, he must go to Devachan for a period which will be in proportion to the intensity of those desires.

Again, it should not be forgotten that the soul must have some rest. Were it, before becoming bright as the diamond, hard as adamant, and strong as steel, to go on working, working through earth-life after earth-life without a break between, it must at last succumb to the strain and come to nothing. Nature therefore has provided for it a place of rest—in Devachan; and that we should thankfully accept if it falls to our lot.

But does Devachan suffer in the comparison made between it and this life on earth? To me it seems not. Human life is as great an illusion as any. To the sage Ribhu, Vishnu said it was the longest-lived reign of fancy. To say that it is a terrible thing to think of a mother in Devachan enjoying its bliss while the child is suffering on earth, is to prefer one illusion over another, to hug a philosophical error to the breast. Both states are out of the true, while the Ego, who is the real witness, sees the lower personality struggling with these phantoms while it, whether the body be living or its other parts be in Devachan, enjoys eternal felicity. It sits on high unmoved, immovable. The great verse in the Isa-Upanishad settles this matter for me in these words: "What room is there for sorrow and what for doubt in him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind, though differing in degree." Therefore if I believe this, I must also know that, no matter whether I and my best beloved are in Devachan or on earth, they and I must forever partake of the highest development attained by the greatest of sages, for, as they and I are spiritual beings, we must have communion forever on the higher planes of our being.

Then, again, the fact seems to be lost sight of that each night we go into a sort of Devachan—the dream state or sleep without dream. The loving mother, no matter how unfortunate or evil her child, must sleep, and in that state she may have dreams of her loved ones around her in just the very condition of mind and body she would have them enjoy. If Devachan be objectionable, why not also rebel against our necessary sleep which acts on our physical frame to give it rest, as Devachan does upon our more ethereal parts?

Lying unnoticed at the foot of this matter is the question of time. It goes to the very root of the objection, for the aversion to the stay in Devachan is based upon the conception of a *period of time*. This period—

given or supposed as 1,500 years—is another great illusion which can be easily proved to be so. What we call time, measured by our seconds and minutes and hours, is not necessarily actual time itself. It is not the ultimate precedence and succession of moments in the abstract. For us it depends on and flows from the revolutions of our solar orb, and even with that standard it can be shown that we do not apprehend it correctly. We speak of seconds, but those are such as our watchmakers give us in the watch. They might be made longer or shorter. They are arrived at through a division of a diurnal solar revolution, the observation of which is not necessarily mathematically accurate. If we lived on Mercury—where we must believe intelligent beings live—our conception of time would be different. From our childhood's experience we know that even in this life our appreciation of the passage of time rises and falls, for in early youth the 12 months from one Christmas to another seemed very, very long, while now they pass all too quickly. And from watching the mental proce-ses in dreams we know that, in the space of time taken for a bell to drop from the table to the floor, one may dream through a whole lifetime, with all the incidents of each day and hour packed into such a limited period. Who can tell but that in a Devachanic state of three months the person may go through experiences that seem to cover thousands of years? If so, why not say for him—since time as we know it is an illusion—that he was in Devachan for those thousands?

Devachan, however, is not a meaningless or useless state. In it we are rested; that part of us which could not bloom under the chilling skies of earth-life bursts forth into flower and goes back with us to another life stronger and more a part of our nature than before; our strength is revived for another journey between deaths. Why shall we repine that nature kindly aids us in the interminable struggle; why thus ever keep the mind revolving about this petty personality and its good or evil fortune?

W. Q. J.

Tea Table Talk.

When that small witch, Antonina, first appeared at the Tea Table, we were led into instant captivity; all, all; not one escaped the thrall of this airy little philosopher, gowned in white frills, mouth serious, eyes smiling, ready to laugh or to frown as she might swiftly prefer. The halo of her four years hung innocently about her; she enchanted by her abrupt and natural transitions. Now she was a hearty child, running, laughing from corner to corner, a little romp, eager only for play. Suddenly she would drop down upon any preferred place, her deepening eyes would take on a far-away expression; her face grew rapt; it paled into that illuminated pallor which suggests a light shining through alabaster, and shows the interior soul-light breaking forth. In these moods, truths seemed accessible to her. She had

innate ideas. The childlike language in which she clothed them was poetical; its earnestness thrilled her hearers almost to awe. While we still vibrated with this sensation, presto! up jumps Antonina, again a jovial child, off to the lawn and her playmates and toys. Already she has the power, when her baby fingers slip along the piano keys, to produce little tunes of her own from them, just as she sings such new airs to rhymed verses of her own improvisation. And, if you ask who taught her these tunes and songs, it is "*the Pillikatuka*". The word is also her own. Asked, "What is the 'Pillikatuka,'" she replies, with a small hand laid upon her breast, "The Pillikatuka is in here. When you see, Auntie, it is not you that sees; it is the Pillakatuka. *You* don't hear anything; you think you do, but it is the Pillikatuka that hears. When you go to sleep, the Pillikatuka gets out and goes to heaven for little while. If the Pillikatuka didn't come back, you would never wake up. You would be dead. My Pillikatuka knows everything."

The parents of Antonina are not theosophists, and she is not by way of hearing much conversation on such subjects, even if her three years could understand them. Yet she is the child of whom it was told in a previous number of the Tea Table that she said she had been in heaven, where she saw God coming towards her "as a great Light", and when He asked what she was doing there, she replied; "Getting made over into a little girl." In all this conversation, reincarnation is plainly postulated by our small philosopher. She had been shut between city walls all winter, and on the first occasion of her being taken into the country in spring, she having then attained the mature age of four, her joy knew no bounds. All day she ran about the lawn; the ripples of her delightful laughter rang from every nook, and from under every spring-laden bush shone her beaming face. At dusk she abandoned her play. Coming into the house, she sat down in a corner, apparently revolving the day's pleasures in her mind. At last she spoke.

"Auntie, I shall sing you a song. It's a pretty song, Auntie. It's about spring birds in the air." The baby voice piped up, and she gave one of her little improvisations, the words and air being her own. Sweet it was, and of a flute-like quality; it might have been the "Great God Pan" piping among "the reeds by the river". A little pause followed, while again she collected her thoughts; her rapt face summed up experience. "Now, Auntie, I shall sing you another song. This one is much prettier. It is the song of the winds in the pines." A more finished air and song followed. "And now," she cried, "I shall sing you a most beautiful one. This, this is the prettiest of all! It is *the joy of ripe fruit.*" I do not need to say how enchanting was this "prettiest song of all." In the babe, the poet spoke. The ardent ferment and impulse of ripe fruit under the sun "wooed from out the bud", the first sentient thrills towards consciousness, were brought before the mind as Antonina, in her shadowy corner, sang with veiled eyes and shining face this occult teaching in her child's words, at the bidding of the "Pillikatuka".

I do not know that word, nor do those whom I have consulted. If Antonina were asked where she got it and what it was, she would reply, as in

effect she has, "The Pillikatuka is my Pillikatuka in *here*; you have one, Auntie; don't you feel it? Everybody has a Pillikatuka." All health and peace to the baby occultist; may the Shining Ones protect her ever!

The following experience seems a very clear case of Pillakatuka. (I venture to predict that this word will pass into our nomenclature. Already it is in current use by the Tea Table.) It was sent to me by a friendly correspondent.

"*My dear Julius;—*

Not long since, I and a business acquaintance got into one of those easy, rambling chats which come so readily when people are together in a sleeping-car. I noticed that he did not smoke, even after dinner, and also judged from his conversation that he did not drink. In fact he told me that he was considered by commercial travelers, of whom he was one, as rather holding aloof from them. Now, having myself "been on the road", as the phrase goes, I know that, as a class, those leading this life are a rather jovial, sociable set, generally given to enjoying what are called the good things of this world. So I asked my friend why he was so abstemious, and found that, like many another, he had once had 'a very peculiar experience', which was this. He was sitting one evening at dinner with his father and sisters, when suddenly he thought he heard the voice of his mother. As she had died some time before, he was startled; so much so that the others noticed it. 'What is the matter?' his father said. 'Nothing', replied my friend. But again he heard the voice, and again his father asked him what the matter was: he only motioned for the others to keep silence. The father became alarmed at his manner, and for the third time asked him what it was, but again was only motioned to keep still. This lasted for a short time, and then my friend fell from his chair in a swoon. What was said to him he did not tell me, but he said that in spite of the temptations to which he was exposed he had been kept from yielding to them by what he then heard. Of course it can all be explained away on the ground of hallucination, but as he is and was a particularly vigorous man, and not given to fancies but devoted to a plain commercial life of money making, and eminently practical, the word hallucination does not fit him very well.

On the day before this I heard, not from the person having the 'peculiar experience', but from a friend to whom he related it, something similar. The man who had this other 'peculiar experience' was rather fond of a social glass, but suddenly stopped drinking, although he never before drank to excess. When my friend asked him his reason, he gave it, though with much reluctance. It seems that one of his companions had been killed by an accident. Shortly after his companion's death, he dropped into a saloon for a drink. There were two men at the bar, and he was approaching them, when to his amazement he saw his deceased friend come in join the others, and begin drinking with them. This friend was very much given to bowing and scraping, and he went through his antics quite naturally, although, as my friend related, 'he kept jabbering and jabbering, but divil a word did he say.' This experience was quite sufficient, and from that time on he left bar-rooms alone. Delirium tremens, most will think, but is it not possible that delirium tremens more resembles this man's experience than the experience resembles delirium tremens?"

The above distinction we believe to be correct. The nervous disturbance arising from excessive drink is such that nervous vibration is greatly height-

ened and the sufferer sees into the astral light. He beholds pictures there, often the shapes of his own imagination and thought. In the case above cited, I should say that, for some Karmic reason, his "Pillikatuka" had shown him the form of his friend, in some place where he used to come, as a warning from within It seems to me an instance of spontaneous soul action, carried out, possibly, through the medium of elemental vibration.

JULIUS.

LITERARY NOTES.

CHRIST THE PUPIL OF BUDDHA, a Comparative Study. This is a pamflet of 30 pages giving the parallels between the Miraculous Conception, Birth, Naming, Boyhood, Temptation, Baptism, Miracles, Last Supper, Death, and Resurrection of Buddha and Jesus, as also the visit of ascetics, the action of the Kings, and the Disciples and Teachings. The explanatory theory is that Hindu beliefs reached Palestine by way of Egypt, and that Jesus received them from St. John Baptist. The various points are well put, though rather too briefly to warrant the title "Study", and the statement of the Buddhist Trinity as consisting of Bhudda, Dharma, and Sangha may evoke dissent. (*Brentano, New York; 25 cts.*)

FAITH, by "Pilgrim", being No. 16 of the *Transactions of the London Lodge*, is very good, but might have been better. The proposed definition of "Faith" in substitution for the conventional one is a great advance. The terse argument for the fact of Masters could not be more telling: "The utterly illogical attitude of those who confidently expect Humanity to make any further advance, and are yet unwilling to recognize the existence of those who already represent that advance, is the thought that we would strongly urge"; "If man has no germ of Godhead within him, he will never reach that state; if he has, there must be men who have already reached it". The treatment of "faith" on the line chosen is so excellent that the reader wishes it might have been amplified in the space given to somewhat digressive quotations from Herbert Spencer and the *Voice of the Silence;* and yet there may be question whether "Faith" is not really the responsiveness of the soul to moral truth, intellectual acceptance of a proposition because reasonable being "Belief." A worthy pamflet, well deserving circulation. (*Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., London; one shilling.*)

LUCIFER for July opens with a delightfully written contrast of the *Kreutzer Sonata* with Mr. Grant Allan's *Girl of the Future*, in which the comic aspects of the latter are brought into full prominence. Perhaps the first page exhibits more depression over Western morality than facts necessitate or than cheery natures would quite approve, and it is possible that the thought towards the foot of Page 355 may make as well for polygamy as for "moral marriages", it being, in truth, the argument of the Mormons. Mr. Sinnett's appearnce in *Lucifer* is a joyful and significant event; "Theosophical Gleanings" is, as heretofore, a boon to Theosophists; Dr. Pratt has an able paper, and Mr. Mallet a pleasing anecdote; there is a most interesting account of the opening of the new Headquarters in London, the full report to constitute the next number of *Siftings;* the Theosophical Activities noted are cheering, and it is delightful to see the gifts to Headquarters, one of £100. "Musings" expresses well the contents of one article—better, indeed, than "Thoughts" or "Ideas", but "Astrology as a Science" might more strictly have been "Astrology as an Assertion". *Lucifer* announces the future charge by Madame Blavatsky of the European Section of the Theosophical Society, Col. Olcott remaining, of course, President of the T. S. the world

over; the new arrangement being upon request from all the European Lodges and a large majority of the unattached Fellows. The European Headquarters will be London. Every Theosophist who can possibly afford it should take *Lucifer*. It is one of the few ways in which he can prove his gratitude to the one who edits it and *has made him.* [A. F.]

MASTERS OF WISDOM is the 8th pamflet in the 3rd volume of *Theosophical Siftings*. A popular exhibit of the proof of Masters' existence, powers, and mission is greatly needed at this epoch; for although spiritual philosophy should not be made to hinge on a demonstration of Mahatmas, it receives large support from the evidenced fact that there *are* such exalted souls, and from the further fact that They hold this very philosophy and assert Their own progress to have been made through conformity to its principles. The present pamflet gives many important and other historical truths, and has some value, but is rather desultory and unsystematic, betraying need of a more vigorous hand and a defter pen. Still, we all have to do what we can. [A. F.]

IN THE JUNE THEOSOPHIST Col. Olcott gave copious particulars of a most bare-faced plagiarism of his *Buddhist Catechism* by a Mr. Subhadra Bhikshu, who reprinted it almost verbally and with unaltered title. In the July *Theosophist* Mr. Bhikshu attempts a defense which makes matters worse. He admits part of the theft, denies another part, and justifies the whole. Col. Olcott refers to his "literary misconduct", but a stronger word would be more fitting. "The Snake Charmer's Song" gives very much new and interesting fact and ought to be, as it probably will be, copied into many magazines. "Personal Experience of Scottish Second Sight" is another good article, and the sad news of the death of T. Subba Row is accompanied with a most interesting sketch of his life by Col. Olcott, verified by the family. He was an extraordinary man, even if one rates his *Discourses on the Bhagavad Gita* somewhat lower than does Col. O. He passed an examination in Geology for the Civil Service after but one week's study of that subject. Until 1881 or 1882 he gave no indications of mystical tendency; then his past life became suddenly opened to him, he recognized his Guru, had intercourse with him and other Mahatmas, and perceived his call shortly before death. He was but 34 years old. The July *Theosophist* contains the promised monochrome picture of the Founders taken in the garden of the late Headquarters in Lansdowne Road. It is the only one ever made of them when alone. We implore the *Theosophist* to give us some more of those delicious "Chats on the Roof".

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for August contains an article by Madame Blavatsky upon "Recent Progress in Theosophy". Any space at all accorded to Theosophy by this very able and important magazine is a matter of some noteworthiness, and the appearance of this particular article at this particular time has a significance which will not escape either the upholders or the traducers of the author. There is, too, a feature in the article which at once strikes a reader familiar with her works,—the totally different style of its composition from the other styles exemplified in *Lucifer* and *The Secret Doctrine*. It is peculiarly clear, direct, and continuous; it is closely analytic throughout; it flows along in liquid ease; and the last four sentences of the article glow with the truest eloquence. Madame Blavatsky first touches on the unfair treatment accorded to Theosophy; then epitomizes the sneering objections to the Society, and tersely convicts them of hollowness; gives reasons why Theosophy had become a necessity of the age; statistically shows its growth in Branches, literature, and activity; succinctly expounds the 3 objects of the Society, and shows what has been achieved in the furtherance of each; and closes with the words, "Such is the goal which Theosophy has set itself to attain; such is the history of the modern movement; such is the

work which Theosophy has already accomplished in this nineteenth century".

It is precisely a magazine like the *Review*, and precisely an article like this, which are needed to voice Theosophical facts in regions hitherto disdainful or indifferent, and the effect must be far-reaching and beneficent. It has already been felt by the General Secretary's office, in letters from inquirers and students.

WHY ONE SHOULD JOIN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is a four-paged tract just issued from the Pacific Coast Headquarters. We believe that no other publication answers the question, although it is constantly asked. In concise, yet full, exposition, all friends to Theosophy have herein put before them the reason why they should add their strength to the Society and its strength to themselves. Mr. Sinnett's last words in *The Occult World* are an urgent appeal to every Theosophist to "Register, Register, Register", and the Pacific Coast Headquarters have never done a more useful act than to proclaim the duty, and the grounds for it, in the clear tones of this call.

INAUGURATION OF THE EUROPEAN HEADQUARTERS is the main content of T. P. S. Pamflet, Vol. III, No. 9, the speeches thereat being given *verbatim*. As already noted, so great was the crowd that many were unable to enter, and representatives were present from Sweden, Belgium, Spain, and America. Mrs. Besant, President of the Blavatsky Lodge, took the chair, and by her sat our ever-honored Madame Blavatsky. Mrs. Besant spoke briefly on the new centre as a home for all Theosophists, and declared it formally open, then calling upon Mr. A. P. Sinnett, President of the London Lodge. Mr. Sinnett referred to the certain future of Theosophy as the ultimate influence on the western world, the voluntary action of men determining the rapidity of its dominance, and of the evening's work as a seed promising a stupendous harvest. The progress of humanity was really conditioned on the prevalence of true Theosophic thought, and a most important problem was whether the Churches would combat it until themselves left impotently behind in its certain advance, or so far assimilate its teachings and spirit as to become allies and friends. He had hope of the latter, and pointed out some indications. In conclusion he made hearty tribute to Madame Blavatsky's influence and energy, gracefully wishing for his auditors the same interior force she had imparted to him. (Cheers). Mrs. Wolf of Philadelphia, U. S. A., spoke of the special difficulties the T. S. in America found from phenomena-seekers and the curious, notably among women, but thought the evil curable. Mr. Mead, on behalf of the Spanish delegate, read a brief statement explaining the hostility to Theosophy from clericals and materialists in Spain, yet giving hope of its future though the large circulation of documents among the educated classes. Madame de Neufville, from Holland, mentioned the small size as yet of the Society in Holland and Belgium, but found great encouragement in the existence of translations of important Theosophical works, in the diffused knowledge of English, and in the large number of French articles. Madame Cederschiöld, representing the Stockholm Lodge, the largest on the continent, gave its membership as over 100, all accruing in two years, and expressed entire satisfaction with what had been accomplished in translations and in work, severely silent as is the Swedish Press. Mr. Bertram Keightley followed in an address of singular felicity and thoughtful exposition. He first controverted Mrs. Wolf's criticism of a general American interest in astral magic and other phenomena, avowing his own much more extended observation to have convinced him of the contrary and to have shown a special American tendency to the philosophy, and, still more, the ethics of Theosophy. In the clearest and mellowest language he described the fusion of nationalities here, and the consequent origination of a new and more sensitive physiological type, the very organism needed for percipience of the subtler forces of Nature. (Doubtless it was the printer which made him depict a "phlegmatic" German

of "purely lymphatic temperament"!) He vividly brought out the decadence of sectarian barriers and the ferment of new ideas, the growth of the T. S., the glorious future of which Theosophy is assured in the States, and the active intelligence and diffused virility which made audiences attentive through long metaphysical reasoning. Then he spoke of the fraternal welcome he had everywhere received, the strangers who became old friends in a few hours, and hinted that they had really known each other ages back. In her ever beautiful language, and doubtless with her ever-beautiful voice, Mrs. Besant touched on the importance of the meeting as a starting-point for new progress, and eloquently wafted the devout thanks of all to that far-off land from which had come the impulse of a loftier truth and the presence of a noble messenger. The last years of the century, as in the four centuries past, had brought from Them another wave of spiritual activity, and we were blessed with the privilege of opening our hearts to it, greeting it, letting it mould and inspire us. The added duty is the fearless avowal of our convictions, the utterance of "the very word perhaps wanted by the stranger to lead him also into the path of thought and of progress". "No enemy can injure us, provided we are true to that which we believe." And then with a few thrilling words on the splendid evolution some of the race have won and all may seek, the beautiful voice ceased and the Headquarters were permanently opened.

Two brief articles are reprinted from the *Theosophist*, a prefatory note, peculiarly well-worded, giving as reasons the need for furnishing strangers some idea of Theosophy, and the exhibited fact of East and West being again united in a joint effort to spiritualize mankind.

Theosophical Activities.

AMERICA.

VARUNA T. S., Bridgeport, Conn., will hereafter hold its meetings at 42 Park St.

RAMAYANA T. S., Chicago, has adopted the following:

Resolved, That Ramayana T. S. believes fully in the honesty and sincerity of purpose of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, Col. H. S. Olcott, and W. Q. Judge, the leaders who have had the courage to brave the sneers and insults of public ignorance, in their revival of the ancient knowledge of all the truths most precious to the Aryan race.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the appeal of W. Q. Judge to the law for the vindication of his rights as an American citizen against cowardly and brutal attack, and we pledge him our utmost help in public and in private.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be forwarded to W. Q. Judge for publication in the PATH.

STOCKTON T. S., Stockton, Calif., was organized last February by Mr. Bertram Keightley with a good membership, and has had several additions since. To most of the members the work was quite new, but all are cheered by evidence that it is telling upon the community. There is a fair beginning to the Library, all the best magazines are taken, and a regular meeting of the Branch is held each Sunday evening. It now has 35 members.

CHICAGO T. S. has passed the following Preamble and Resolution:—

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Chicago branch of the Theosophical Society, view with alarm the increasing use of Hypnotism, believing it to be a source of serious moral and physical evil, the more dangerous because so little understood, and beyond the complete control of its practitioners, therefore be it

Resolved, That we unanimously warn all persons to oppose all efforts tending to their hypnotization, and condemn the practice experimentally or otherwise by all persons whatsoever.

UPASANA T. S., San Diego, Calif., holds regular open weekly meetings on Sunday at 3 P. M. On two Sundays in July the Gautama Branch attended as a body, and so cordial has been the union that there is even thought of making it permanent. Mrs. Julia Y. Bessac, the Vice President, has been visiting the Alimo Mines in Lower California, and every one in camp heard of Theosophy, even the minister calling daily at her tent to ask about it. She has now gone to Villa Park to attempt the nucleus of a Branch. Every month the San Diego Branches hold a public union meeting in Unity Church, and with good attendance.

A BRANCH CHARTER was issued on Aug. 7th to the "Seattle T. S. No. 1" of Seattle, Washington Terr. This latest addition to our roll begins with a membership of 6, and raises the number of Branches to 42.

THE GOLDEN GATE LODGE, San Francisco, has passed a series of Resolutions most vigorously stigmatising the late libellous attack on the Founders of the T. S., and re-affirming its hearty confidence in their integrity and sincerity. Thus we again see how malicious assault by enemies simply arouses friends to new ardor and effort. "Lord, *why* do the heathen rage so furiously together and the people imagine vain things?"

Similar Resolutions have been adopted by the Point Loma Lodge, San Diego.

BROOKLYN T. S. has held throughout the summer an extra meeting on Monday evenings for enquirers, and the attendance has reached as high as 30 and even 40. This is at the house of Mr. Henry T. Patterson, 487 Classon Avenue.

EUROPE.

DUBLIN LODGE T. S. The room formerly occupied in Lower Leeson St. has been vacated, and two large rooms have been obtained in Stephen's Green, where the books and other property of the Lodge are now removed. A proper letter-box for the Society is fixed on the street door, and all communications should be addressed, 105 Stephen's Green, Dublin.

The office of Secretary has recently, owing to the departure of Bro. C. F. Wright for the European Headquarters, where his services are in great request, devolved on Bro. F. J. Dick, who it is hoped will prove a worthy successor.

H. M. MAGEE,
July, 1890. President.

NOTICES.

I.

Forum No. 14, for August, was issued somewhat in advance, having been mailed on July 29th to each person entitled to it.

II.

The two articles upon *Theosophy the religion of Jesus*, appearing in August and September PATH, have been put in pamflet form for wider circulation, and as the cost of printing and electrotyping was defrayed by private means, the PATH is able to supply them at the low rate of 2 cts. per single copy, $1.50 per hundred copies, smaller orders in proportion, postage being included.

III.

The General Secretary and Editor of the PATH is obliged to request all correspondents to note that only letters purely personal to himself and letters upon E. S. business are to be marked *Private.* Every other letter, whether upon Theosophical business, PATH matters, or containing an order, is to be addressed without that word. Its use leads to delay in attention, as well as to confusion in office arrangements, and hence involves inconvenience at both ends of the line.

IV.

Subscribers to *Lucifer* and the *Theosophist* are reminded that the next volume of the former begins with the September issue, and of the latter with the October, The PATH, as heretofore, gladly transmits subscriptions to either. It should be understood that the price of *Lucifer* is $3.75 to members of the T. S., but to all others $4.25; that of the *Theosophist* is $5.00 without distinction.

V.

Echoes from the Orient, a broad outline of Theosophical doctrines, being a series of 21 articles by William Q. Judge, reprinted from *Kate Field's Washington,* will be issued about Sept. 15th. It will contain 90 pages, and the price will be 50 cts., cloth. Orders may be sent to the PATH.

VI.

Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck's promised book of Theosophical tales for children will be issued about Sept. 15th. It will contain 7 stories, of which four have appeared in the PATH, and its title will be *The Wonder Light, and other Tales.* The contents are How the Christ-Child was born, Fohat's Playground, Carlo's Game, The Wonder Light, Bubbles of the Breath, What the Fountain Said, and Rahula's Inheritance, of which the fourth, fifth, and sixth are new. As this is the first attempt to furnish Theosophical teaching to children, and as upon the receipts from this book depends the issue of *The Adventures of an Atom,* the author devoting them wholly to that purpose, it is hoped that Theosophists will give generous orders. Cloth, 50 cts.; for sale by the PATH.

VII.

The first edition of the version of *Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms* by Messrs. Judge and Connelly having been exhausted, a new one has just been issued at a reduced price, 75 cts. (cloth).

VIII.

A new edition of the *Bhagavad Gita* based mainly upon the Wilkin's Edition is now being printed on the Aryan Press. It not a new translation, but a selection from existing transiations, the aim being greater correctness and lucidity. The price will be 75 cts., cloth, and due announcement of the issue will be given in the PATH.

If you have power, never display it before the time; take only one-half of that which is offered; offer no offense even to the meanest beggar.—*King Asoka's Letter.*

OM.